

Quite a Show

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Quite a Show

****A/N:**** I was retired from fanfiction, but this just sort of happened and I decided to go ahead and post it. Much thanks to my beta Terrie who helped me here even though Star Wars isn't her usual cup of tea! It's just a little something set about 3 months after the end of RotJ. I took the liberty of making up some war stuff as I wrote so please don't take it too seriously. ;) Reviews are great and make me happy! Thanks for reading!

****Disclaimer:**** I obviously don't own Star Wars.

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><p>Quite a Show

Luke heard the fight before he saw it. He was set to leave to Ventine in just a few hours, and he wanted to say goodbye to Leia – it was his plan to go to the hangar bay later to find Han too, but as it happened, judging by the loud voices, they were in the same room. He shared a few not so surprised glances with the alliance personnel he passed by on the way to the command center, where he thought Leia might be; everyone was far too used to their arguments, even if they had become less frequent since before Endor.

As it was, he saw the two people he was looking for stride from a door right in front of him with purposeful steps, Leia walking first, and Han right behind her, his finger pointing at her as he spoke, even if she wasn't looking at him. So focused they were on the fight that they didn't acknowledge Luke. If he wasn't supposed to leave soon, he'd have let them be.

But he was. He trailed behind them into the hangar bay, where he was supposed to meet with Shara Bey to discuss the mission soon anyway, so it didn't matter. Han and Leia's argument continued to be heard by everyone in the room, attracting attention they did not know they had. From what Luke could gather, it had something to do with Abednedo.

"That place is under no jurisdiction right now, it's too risky!"

"Everywhere is risky right now, Han, even here."

"You're insane if you think I'm gonna let you over there on your own," Han said after a moment.

Leia stopped by the side of an X-wing and turned around to look at Han. More people stopped what they were doing to watch the argument. Luke saw Wedge and Wes talk quietly â€" a new betting pool on the works, probably. Things were a bit dead since Hoth, really.

"Let me? _Let_ me?" she repeated, then shook her head. "I can take care of myself. They need someone with negotiating skillsâ€"

"It doesn't have to be you."

"Who can speak their languageâ€"

"They can take a droid!"

"And who can be discreet, which is why you can't go with me," she finished. "It doesn't mean that I will go _on_ _my_ _own_!"

By now, there was no soul in the hangar who wasn't watching Han and Leia argue. Even the droids were quiet â€" Luke supposed people missed these massive fights, which were the norm once. And from what he could see, this was a major fight. In the past, they would maybe go a few days without speaking, or maybe they'd go a few days treating each other in a sickly cordial way, which would eventually lead to another fight. Now that they were together and, well, _most_ people knew it, Luke didn't know what the outcome would be.

He didn't particularly want to know, either.

But they didn't stop arguing just yet.

"Look, I don't trust that pilotâ€"

"You trust no pilots at all! What's new?" Leia said sarcastically.

"You listen here, Princess," Han started, "what's new is that Abednedo is kriffing suicide right now, and you know it. So go tell your great friend Mon Mothma that you're gonna stay here and sit through meetings and plan stuff, which is what you should be doing and she knows it."

Leia fumed. "I was diplomat! I went to Naboo and you didn't really mind! What's different now?"

"What's different now? You know what's diffâ€"

But he stopped himself before he could say anything else, which was curious. The sudden silence made a few more people look around. Luke chose to lean against the wall and sighed. He hoped this wouldn't take a long time.

Han was grinning, which was never a good sign. Leia was fuming, which was an even worse sign.

"You're not jealous, are you?"

Leia was visibly surprised at his question, but her surprise was quickly taken over by anger.

"Are you out of your kriffing mind? What in the galaxy would I be jealous of?" her voice was a tone louder, more indignant.

"You like me just to yourself, when I worry just about you," Han said in a poor attempt at humor.

Leia didn't appreciate it. "I'm going, and you're not stopping me."

And with that, she resumed walking again â€" Luke assumed that it was to talk to whatever pilot would be taking her to Abednedo. He didn't move at all, choosing to watch their discussion from afar, because judging from Han's indignant look â€" and this time, he acknowledged that Luke was there because he had been meaning to talk to them â€" the argument was far from over. Luke merely shrugged, and Han strode after her once more.

"Look, your high and mightiness," never a good idea to call her that, Luke thought, but Han was opening his arms in an act of surrender, "I'll take you, then! I'll talk to Madine and I'll take you on the Falcon!"

While Luke would never get in the middle of it, he agreed with Han.

Leia, on the other hand, was having none of it.

"Right, because that bucket of bolts is as discreet as a bantha flying an X-wing!" she continued. "I'm going, and that's final. Abednedo has been peaceful since the last attack, I don't know what you're so worried aboutâ€" "

"The attack was a week ago!"

"I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself. In fact, I was the one who rescued you on more than just a few occasionsâ€" "

"Right, and who rescued you from the Deathâ€" "

"Please don't say the Death Star again!"

"And there was that mission on Chandrila a few years agoâ€" | "

"Am I going to have to remind you of Ord Mantell once more?"

"And I saved you from being taken hostage on Hothâ€" "

"And you were frozen in carbonite after that, and who rescued you?"

Han closed his mouth for a moment as Leia looked triumphantly at him, but he wasn't quiet for long.

"Look, you're not going alone this time!"

Luke thought that if he concentrated enough he would be able to meditate while they argued. This was beginning to feel like wasted time.

"I'll have a pilot, just like I did last time!"

But nothing would have prepared him for what Han said next.

"I meant with the baby!"

The whole base went quiet. Luke himself was gaping at the couple from the distance, waiting for the next words. Everyone seemed to be looking at them, but Han and Leia only stared at one another. For a long moment, no one breathed. Leia seemed to be at a loss for words, which was an incredibly rare event in itself, and she recovered first, looking around just for a second, suddenly aware of their audience. Then she spoke. Her voice was entirely too unstable to be taken lightly.

"You _idiot_!"

Then she stormed off, walking towards a group of pilots that quickly started pretending to continue whatever they had been doing.

Han ran a hand through his hair and went after her â€" now with a challenging look in his eyes. Before Leia could reach her pilot, whoever that was, he reached her.

"You're not going."

It was not a question or a request. His voice was calm and collected, and just as Leia tried to hurry her steps, he took her in his arms â€" very easily â€" and threw her over his shoulder.

In the middle of the hangar bay.

No one dared to speak a word, waiting for Leia's outburst; Han securely held the back of her thighs with an arm and started towards the exit. Luke could only see the back of Leia's legs as they shook around Han.

"Put me down, you ignorant son of a bantha!"

Soft whispers crossed the bay.

Judging by Han's wince, she was smacking his back.

"If you drop me, I swear I'll have you sent to the next Hutt I set my eyes onâ€" "

Han patiently nodded at that, waving his hand off to the personnel

who still looked on the argument. He tightened his hold on Leia's legs.

"I'm not gonna drop you, sweetheart."

"And don't call me sweetheart, you stuck up moof-milker!"

"Nice!" Han rolled his eyes, looking at Luke as he approached the exit. "Sorry, kid, you should look for her when she's a little calmer, I'm just gonna get her back to our quarters!"

"I'll be damned before you'll be sleeping next to me again, Han Solo!"

"You know you can't resist me, Princess."

Luke only stared at him, hoping he could get the notion that they would be needing to talk really soon, and Han continued to the exit, throwing him an apologetic look, a red-faced Leia still screaming insults against his back.

"I swear to the Maker, you'll be sleeping next to bantha dung inside your filthy ship alone for the rest of your sorry excuse of a life!"

Leia's voice died down, perhaps because Han had managed to get her inside a room somewhere nearby, and there was a collective sigh of relief before glances were shared and the common murmur of the hangar bay appeared once more. Most people had heard the argument; surely everyone had heard the most important piece of it, and Luke was only now getting his head around it. By the end of the day, the whole alliance would have heard of it.

Baby.

A smile graced Luke's features; he had felt a different energy around Leia since Endor, but he took it as the fact that now they both knew they were siblings, and twins at that. He was willing to bet this was as much of a surprise for them as it was for him – probably even more so – but the Force worked in mysterious ways. He would truly have to meditate on this later.

For now, Luke only smiled and shook his head – he was going to be an uncle, it seemed – and now it was a matter of time before the whole base knew too. He sighed, deciding to get his things ready and leave the talk he and Leia – and Han – were now doomed to have for when he got back from his mission. Commander Bey was nowhere in sight and he might as well get some work done.

Luke was just thinking that he should enter that betting pool – Han surely would be sleeping on the Falcon tonight –, and as he turned a corner he caught sight of just what had made Leia grow silent.

Unfortunately, it had all to do with the fact that Han's lips were very much locked with hers and that her legs were very much around his waist and they were awfully close but, thankfully, very much clothed, in the middle of a rather crowded hall in the center of the rebel fleet, once again oblivious to whatever audience they might have. It seemed that their passion in arguments indeed extended to

other aspects of their relationship.

And it was Luke's turn to wince.

They obviously paid no attention to him, and this time, he kept on walking and staring firmly ahead.

He was very happy for them, especially that they were okay now. He really was. It would make sense that this was the outcome of their arguments now. But in all honesty, Luke almost preferred their forced cordiality on Yavin and the long periods of silence on Hoth. He could watch them bicker all day, but _this_â€| This was a little show he could go without.

Perhaps Han wouldn't be sleeping on the Falcon after all, were Luke's last thoughts before he winced and cleared his mind away. A brother could only endure so much.

End
file.